

temptation to turn it to an original service. He is so weary of the evaluating speech-making in the House that he wishes to wipe out the further "free publication of speeches, as with a sponge," enacting that in future each orator pay for the publication of his own eloquence. He thinks this would shorten the session, for no one would incur the expense of speaking for more than ten minutes. He thinks it is right or not is not worth speculating about, for his proposed law could never be passed. No modern Cato, Mr. Wells, will vote to put a tax on his own mouth.

If the Democrats will not believe the Republican assurances that they are making their campaign blunder, they must admit that whatever opinion is expressed by so devoted friends as the *Washington* and Democratic editors is worthy of consideration. And all these Deputy Democratic authorities declare that the present programme of the Democrats in Congress, if persisted in, will end in disaster to them, and in triumph for the Republicans. There is absolute unanimity on this point, and its meaning cannot be mistaken. It shows that the independent Democrats who have been leaning toward the Democrats are now turning to the Republicans, and shows, furthermore, that a good many Democrats, who think more of the country than of party, are heading in the same direction.

The latest development in the animated controversy concerning the next Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is the publication of a private

In it he speaks of the great importance of the next campaign, and says he can imagine a situation in which he might lay aside all personal preferences and obey the wishes of the party. "For example, if Thurman should be nominated by the Democrats, and, if our party, contemplating a joint debate between the candidates, should call upon me to take the position, under such circumstances I would not feel at liberty to decline." A letter is also published from Charles Foster in which he says he would accept the second place on the ticket with Garfield, in case the party called upon him to do so.

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PERSONAL.

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A son of Tom Hughes is one of the beleaguered Garrison at Knoxville.

Mr. Whittier, and to say, is in failing health, and unable to do any literary work.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, of *The Nation*, has been lecturing in Boston on "Some of the Remedies for Socialism."

Professor Max Müller was one of Prince Leopold's teachers at Oxford, and he declares that the Prince is really fond of study.

Mr. Moses Ezekiel has completed a clay model of a monument to the late John Hancock, the

The last descendant of John Bunyan died lately in England. She was an ancient dame of eighty-four, and her name was Ann Webster.

The Hon. John K. Porter has accepted the honorary Chancellorship of Union University for 1879, and will give the Chancellor's oration at Commencement.

Herr Joachim, the famous violinist and the original of "Charles Auchester," is described as a short, handsome, gentle, benevolent-looking man of middle age.

Scholar James B. Beck, who did not distinguish himself last week, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and is said to have all a Scotchman's stubbornness and dogmatism.

"Ik Marvel," the quietest of authors, is now a white haired man, with a genial, intellectual face.

Soujourner Truth, who is living in her own small domicile in Batte Creek, Mich., is now one hundred and four years old. She has remarkably good health, her sight is still excellent, and she talks as confidently as ever.

Ex-Governor Young, one of the new Representatives from Ohio, is an Irish-American. He was born, it is said by a correspondent of *The Albany Journal*, on the estate of Lord Dufferin's father, "the difference between me and my father is that he was a lord and I was born in a castle, and I in a cabin." The two men met very pleasantly at the White House last year. Governor Young, with his strong face and commanding figure, was not the worse looking of the two.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, not content with being an actor, a sculptor, a painter and a writer, is now to appear as a lecturer.

There is to be a new play, and a new action some time ago by the author of a new theatrical journal was presumed to edit in question the authorship of some of the artistic productions she claims as her own. She fancied the accusation had been made out of spite by some of her comrades, but the troupe of the Comédie Française sent her an address assuring her that none of the charges were true.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is described by *The Boston Herald* as the possessor of a short, gray beard, gray hair, and a Derby hat with a brim as narrow as a girl's, and an almost ridiculous appearance. His voice is tremulous and few, his shoulders stooping, and he looks like a very old man. It is stated by *The Portsmouth (N. H.) Times* that Mr. Davis has had a full-length portrait of himself painted in the clothes he wore when he was captured; and that Journal sweetly and graciously adds: "This completely and happily contradicts the report that he is dressed up as an old woman. Indeed, the only atom of even possible truth in the latter assertion arose from the fact that owing to the misapprehensions which Yankee had for exposing themselves to possible danger, it was only when they were close upon him that he was seen, and the weaker sex thought that they dared attempt to attack him."

Count Giuseppe Telfener, who has lately married the sister of the wealthy Mrs. Mackey of California, is, not, it appears, an Austrian. He was born at Foggia, in the south of Italy, and was originally a poor man, but by industry and skill amassed an enormous fortune, and is considered a millionaire. He recently came to Rome and boarded at the old palace in Piazza Venezia, in which he had subsequently got sick and died, and he then bought from Victor Emanuel the royal palace of Marino, and was enabled with the title

of Count Adolph Victor Emmanuel's death Count Teitelbaum purchased from King Humbert the villa formerly called Villa Peterzin, outside the Porta Salara, where the late King had erected a magnificent palace and expended fabulous sums in making roads, planting thousands of trees, and constructing artificial lakes. Count Teitelbaum was a widower when he was wedded the other day to Miss Ada E. Hungerford, a native of Bornholm, Sverrig, or Norway, Cal. The wedding was attended by quantities of titled people. The *Continental Gazette* gives the following details: "At 3 o'clock the guests went to the races, which had been specially organized in honor of the marriage, and which took place in Count Teitelbaum's park, situated outside the Salara gate. The King of Italy, who had made it known that he would honor the races with his presence, arrived on the course at a quarter past 3, accompanied by the Duke d'Aoste and a General Medici. As soon as Count Teitelbaum had presented his new family to the King, His Majesty gave up the honors of honor to the Countess Ada Teitelbaum, the wife of the late King Humbert, and then to the bridesmaids. The other guests remained standing behind His Majesty. The King was favored by the most beautiful weather and a very large number of highly distinguished people assembled in honor of this popular wedding.

MARRIED, March 31.—The condition of Princess Christina, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, is nearly hopeless.

ROME, March 31.—The Count and Countess Chambard have sent the Pope 20,000 francs.

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GENERAL NOTES.

The recent trial of Giovanni Dugli at Las Vegas, in New Mexico, before Chief Justice Prince, was perhaps the most polyglot affair since the last court at Assisi. Dugli, an Italian, was tried for the murder of Dawson, a Connecticut, before an American Judge and a jury of ten Americans, one German and one Hebrew. The witnesses spoke five languages, and two interpreters were necessary. Dugli was sentenced to be hanged on Good Friday.

A very eccentric assassin is Passanante, the Italian pariah king. In his life he writes, howls and sings with his hands and face covered with ink. On being asked why he had thus blackened himself, Passanante replied that he was going to die, and that for him there was nothing but mourning. He asked to have black beads for his window. He likes to read the Bible; and upon being asked if he was a Vandal he replied: "No, I am an Evangelist; that is to say, I am a disciple of the Gospel." He does not like discussion, and interpreters of the Scriptures; I read them and understand them."

Whether deservedly or not, Brooklyn has acquired of late the reputation of being a city of churches where there is more talk than wrangling about religion than there is genuine work. But there are churches across the river where there is a great deal of useful work done in a quiet, unpretentious way. On yesterday evening one of the largest confirmation classes ever seen in the channel of an Episcopal Church was presented to Bishop Littlejohn by the Rev. William A. Leonard, Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, a year ago there were fifty-three candidates, an unusually large number, but this year the class which had been